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HONOURABLE FEELING IN A NEGRO.

When Lieutenant Clarkson was at Nova Scotia, negotiating a plan to bring the Negroes to the new settlement at Sierra Leone, he met with the following affecting incident, which proves that

"Skins may differ, but affection
Dwells in black and white the same."

During Lieutenant Clarkson's stay at Shelburne, which was three days, the greater part of the blacks of the place, as well as of Birch Town, delivered in their names for embarkation. He prevailed, however, afterwards, on several families to erase them. These were persons of respectable property, and who were doing well. On conversing with those who came to him, upon their motives for the change, they generally threw their own hard condition out of the account, and declared that they were led to it for the sake of their children, whom they wished (to use their own expression) "to see established on a better foundation." A very affecting scene took place while engaged in one of his conversations on this subject. John Coltness, a black man, came to him to deliver his wife and children into his hands, and to re-

commend them to his kind protection. Coltness was himself a slave, and could go no where but where his master pleased; but his wife and children were free. With tears streaming down his cheeks, he said that "though the separation would be as death to him, yet he had come to the resolution of giving them up for ever, convinced that such a measure would be for their future good. He was regardless," he said, "of himself, or of what he might hereafter suffer; for, though sunk to the lowest state of wretchedness, he could at all times cheer himself with the reflection that those whom he loved were happy." Much more he said, and in a manner peculiarly moving and pathetic. It would be difficult to describe either the nobility of soul which the poor slave manifested, or the feelings which he excited in those who were present. Lieutenant Clarkson was particularly affected, and resolved to purchase his freedom. For this purpose he staid a day longer at Shelburne than he intended; but alas! he could not accomplish his wishes; for, on account of the situation of his master, there were legal difficulties in the way.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

**ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. JOHN
NICHOLSON OF BELFAST.**

—"In him conspicuous shone
Religion in her most attractive form!
Himself the model of the truths he
taught!"

Hail, heavenly Muse! and guide my pen,
Assist me in the bold design—
To tell thy worth, thou first of men,
Oh *Nicholson*! the task be mine.

Be mine the task, tho' all unfit,
To tell how every gift was thine,
To cheer the weak—reprove the wit—
And lead them on to Virtue's shrine.

Let "dew-eyed Pity" wet the wire,
And all her soothing influence bring—
Again invoke the weeping choir,
And Sympathy will strike the string.

That string which vibrates low and deep—
Touches the heart's most feeling nerve—

That bids Remembrance "wake to weep,"
And ne'er from Nature's laws to swerve.

Again has Death's unerring dart,
Laid low in dust another friend—
When shall this bosom cease to smart?
When shall its achings have an end?

Say what is life? ye learn'd and wise—
A mighty bustle all for nought—
A passing shade that ever flies
Our eager grasp—our anxious thought.

Then why regret the good man's death—
Our loss is his eternal gain!
I'll sound his praise with every breath,
Nor weep to know him freed from pain,

Death came to ease his woe-fraught heart,
And free his spirit of its clay—
Transpierced his bosom with its dart,
And led his soul to endless day.

On pinions borne to realms of light,
Where care can ne'er disturb its rest,
His heaven-born soul hath wing'd its flight,
To dwell in mansions of the blest.

Now finish'd is that race above,
Which here on earth he had begun:
And now he tastes of heavenly love—
And now his earthly cares are done.

'Twas his, the upright man of God,
(To every pious christian dear)
To lure to tread the paths he trod—
And virtue's precepts all revere.

Beneath the magic of whose tongue,
For many a year I've sat with joy;
First heard from whence salvation sprung,
And where the sinner ought to fly.

To imitate thy virtues here
Blest shade! be still thy chief employ;
Like thee to finish my career,
And join thee in the realms on high.

Blest as thou art, above what man
E'er tasted in those seats of love—
Cease, cease my Muse! nor dare to scan
What's veil'd from thee in heav'n above.

Farewell, blest shade! whose gentle voice
'Gainst heaven's decrees did ne'er complain!
This thought consoles—makes us rejoice—
We only part to meet again!

Thy sacred turf will friends revere,
Oft point to where thy ashes lie,
And o'er thy tomb shed many a tear,
Whilst memory heaves a heartfelt sigh!
Belfast.

TO MELESINA, ON READING HER SONNET ON SEEING THE FIRST FLOWERS OF SPRING.

WHY, Melesina, sing of love.
In sad elegiac strains,
Such only suit the grief I prove,
Descriptive of my pains.

But you, to fairer prospects born,
Possess'd of every charm,
Whom grace and dignity adorn,
And wit and beauty arm.

Say whence the evil can accrue
To you from Cupid's dart,
They well indeed their schemes may rue
Who trifle with your heart.

But should a doubt perplex your mind,
(As merit oft will fear,)
In your own theme a hint you'll find
How best your course to steer.

The flower that blows 'mid vernal skies,
And scents the ambient air,
Alike the winter's rigor flies,
And summer's sultry glare.

So Love, the plant of tenderest bloom,
Droops in each wild extreme,
From cold Indifference meets its doom,
Fades in too fierce a beam.

But these I own are vulgar laws,
For others use, not yours,
Whose strong, attractive beauty draws
The soul your sense secures.

On loveliness and merit then
Your confidence be plac'd—
No truant fear while men are men,
For miracles have ceas'd.

DISCOVERIES AND IMPROVEMENTS IN ARTS, MANUFACTURES,
AND AGRICULTURE.

Specification of the Patent granted to John
BELFAST MAG. NO. LXIX.

Hancock, late of Reading, in the County of
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